

The Diverting Post.

From Saturday April 7, to Saturday April 14. 1705.

To Sir John Lake.

THO' Heav'n our Navy does with Conquest bless,
And English Courage meets deserv'd Success;
Tho' Gibraltar now mocks our Foe's Alarms,
Victorious Lake! when aided by thy Arms;
Yet be not too secure of England's Praise,
Where greatest Actions, greatest Envy raise:
This Truth (forbid it Heav'n) great You may know,
Which Rook severely knew not long ago;
Who having done as much as Man could do,
By sad Experience found this Maxim true,
That Wreaths the Brows of conquer'd Gauls adorn,
Whilst English Victors meet their Country's Scorn.

On the Projectors of the New Play-House in
the Hay-Market.

WHen I their Boxes, Pit, and Stage, did see,
Their Musick Room, and middle Gallery, }
In Semi-circles all of them to be;
I well perceiv'd they took peculiar Care
Nothing to make, or do, upon the Square.

On the Obstruction given to the Farce
called, *The Quacks*, &c.

YE Sons of Parnassus, that filch for your Bread,
No Plot you must steal from Living or Dead;
Till first you consult, and know what to do,
Of the Stage's Reformer, Cla--n--aux.

To a Lady, whom thro' an Arbour I
saw Bathing her self one Evening.

Wisely you bath'd not, 'till the God of Light
Resign'd th' alternate Reins of Time to Night;
Else his Omnipotence had left the Day,
Left his unguided Steeds to find their Way,
And mix'd the God with vain-resisting Thee. }

Not so my low Ambition dares aspire,
Not such Enjoyment dares if ev'n desire:
I only beg (when next I catch you there,
Sportive, and Naked as at first you were)
You'll grant me one close Kiss, --- no matter
where. }

To his Mistress

Celia, be Wise, and so comply;
Forty and five are coming on:
Then every Youth, as well as I,
Will cease adoring, and be gone.

When furrow'd Age deforms that Brow,
All will deride your wither'd Case;
Nay, that same Glass that Courts you now,
Will cry, Old Woman, to your Face.

Upon a Bleeding Heart set in Gold, which
Celinda wore at her Neck-lace. By Mr.
Sam. Phillips.

When first I saw that wounded Heart,
Neglected bleed and pine,
I fancy'd, that I felt the Smart,
And therefore thought it mine.
But when the Heav'nly Place I view'd,
Of which it lay possess'd;
I blushing found I was deceiv'd,
For mine was ne'er so blest.
Yet if each constant Marry'd Heart,
Shines in the brightest Sphere,
Sure mine may Challenge some small part,
Which suffers so for her.
Where seated in her Heav'n of Bliss,
Tho' wounded, it shall live:
Death cannot enter Paradise,
To take away that grand Privilege.

To E. B. Esq; on the Conformity Bill.

I Fear, my Friend, you're grown an Errant Ass,
To bring in Bills you know will never pass:
Had this sent up, been to demand a H---d,
Back'd by the L---n, the Bill had thrice been read;
But those the Church's Cause are carrying on,
Still find the Fate of Sisyphus's Stone,
Thrust up with Labour, but with Ease roll'd down. }

A Health to the Lords, in answer to that
to the Tackers.

Here's a Health to our Patriots, the Lords,
Who preserv'd us from threatening Fate;
And may Tackers be d---d, who the People have
sham'd
With Hypocritical Zeal for the State.
And may Low-Church with Triumph still reign
O'er the Pope, and those D---ls, the Jacks,
And their Lordships our Cause still maintain
Gainst those more worse D---ls, the Tacks.

And may all the true Church-Men that hope
For the Peace and Increase of the Nation,
Not chuse Tackers again for our Parliament-
Men;
For they'll side with the Foe on Occasion:
But with their utmost Vigour oppose
All those that with Tories pretend,

And

And bless beautiful Heav'n, that affords
Us the Lords, our Rights to defend.

And as for Dissenters, I say,
Betwix Schismatics, if they will;
We at this Time with them shou'd agree,
Against the Conformity Bill:
For now, while all Europe's in Arms,
Oppress'd by the Foe of Mankind,
To allay those Intestine Alarms,
All Hearts, and all Hands shou'd be join'd.

From a Bavarian Capt. to a French Officer.

Kings, just like Gods, punish as we deserve,
They punish, by permitting us to starve.

The Answer.

Shou'd Kings, like Gods, punish as you deserve,
You'd all be hang'd, and not have time to starve,

A fly Trick.

I.
JACK and his Grannam, as they two,
By glimmering Embers sat,
At length began to Bill and Cooe,
And took her by the T-----.

II.
This Sight his Father did espy,
And thus he to him said;
What, Sirrah, with my Mother lie!
You Dog, I'll break your Head.

III.
But surly Jack his Daddy grey
Did answer thus with Scorn;
'Oons, Sir, you with my Mother lay,
And why not I with your'n.

The Quaker's Country Dance, to the Tune
of Chivy Chase.

WALK up to Vertue strait,
And from all Vice retire:
Turn not on this Hand, nor on that,
To compass thy Desire.
Side not with Wicked Ones,
Nor such as are profane;
But side with Good and Godly Ones,
That come from Amsterdam.
Arm not thy self with Pride,
That's not the way to Bliss;
But Arm thy self with Zeal,
And take this Holy Kiss.

A Song.

I.
MYrtillo, amorous, young, and gay,
The Beautous Flavia lov'd,
Sighing, at her Feet he lay,
Till Sighs her Pity mov'd.

II.
My Fair, he cry'd, your Lover dies,
If you refuse your Charms:
Die when you please, the Nymph replies,
But die in Flavia's Arms.

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takers: And Sold by B. Bragg, at the Blue Ball in Avemary-Lane. 1705.

A Receipt how to make a Scandalous Club.

Pick-pockets, Pimps, the Spawn of Pillories
And Whipping-posts, Calves-head-men; add to
these,
Three dirty Scribblers, rich in Confidence
And Self-opinion, wretched poor in Sense,
Who with the greatest Arrogance, debate
And judge, what they least know, th' Affairs of State.
Mix 'em together well, and this will be
A True-born Scandalous Society;
Which, for their worthy Merits, one may dub,
By that right scoundrel Name, The Scandal Club.

To one who left off Drinking, because
he said, Wine was an Enemy to Wit.

DRink on, my Friend, I'll warrant it,
Liquor will never hurt thy Wit:
For 'tis so light, it cannot sink;
Ne'er fear its Drowning, when you Drink.

A Riddle. By T. P.

LET no Man boast he knows my Pedigree,
Who owe my Being to Vacuity:
Yet slender as I am, my Lungs hold out,
And gain the final Clause in each Dispute.
I understand no Language, all can speak,
Tho' ne'er, unless commanded, Silence break.
My Food is Sound, Silence my only Foe;
E'en in the deepest Sleep I answer you.
And that my perfect Breeding I may shew,
Do all you can, I'll bid the last Adieu.

The Taylor's Receipt to the Mercer.

EVER since Cain slew Abel,
Or the Building of Babel,
I do hereby at large
Most freely discharge
Short-Ell, the Mercer,
By his Man, the Laffer,
The Sum of Twenty Shilling;
Paid very willing,
Justly and Truly,
The 25th of July.

Ezekiel Cucumber.

Advertisements.

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